

EL PASO HERALD

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Don't Stir Up Tariff Now

A NUMBER of eastern Democratic papers are at present advocating a special session of congress for the readjustment of the tariff schedules. The plea advanced is that the people demonstrated by their votes in the late election that they were dissatisfied with the present tariff and the question is asked if it is not better to revise the schedules at once than to postpone the matter until 1912 and have it thrashed out in the heat of a national campaign. There is no necessity for an extra session at present to revise the schedules and there is no necessity for bringing the matter up in the heat of a national campaign. President Taft has solved the problem by suggesting the creation of a permanent tariff commission to recommend revision of the schedules on a scientific basis, one or a few at a time. There is no need to hurry. The present law is the best the country has ever had, and while it can and will be improved upon, no party will draft a better measure in every respect.

Politics will always play such a part in tariff programs drawn by congress and adopted as political measures that they will never be satisfactory, whether drawn by Democratic or Republican congresses. The only sane and rational way to settle it is on the scientific basis that must follow a thorough study of the question by tariff experts. This will eliminate the personal element in the preparation of the schedule and this alone will do it.

At present, the southern legislator fights for protection of cotton and sugar and fights protection on everything else; the western legislator fights for protection on wool and hides and against protection for anything else; the northern and eastern law maker will fight for protection of manufactured articles and fight for free raw material. Thus each region is pitted against the other and all must make concessions.

With a tariff commission to revise the schedules on a scientific plan and according to the revenue needs of the nation, and a congress pledged to put such plans into execution by enacting the recommendations of the commission into law, this would be obviated and a satisfactory solution of the question would come about, and that is the only way to bring it about.

Don Keadie, the sage of Lordsburg, N. M., is due for another fit. El Paso has had a killing.

A decent man may yet slip in as senator from New York if the Democrats continue deadlocked over Sheehan.

Parks are always pointed out as the beauty spots of a city. El Paso's are being beautified each day by new improvements.

Municipal-ownership is already showing its effect in the improvement of the waterworks system and the laying of much needed mains.

It is at least rather an interesting piece of news that the Mexican campaign is being directed from El Paso. That's what the rebel leaders say.

El Paso's union station is one of the best municipal advertisements the city has. It is the finest and cleanest between New York and the coast.

Life suggests that Dr. Cook buy a cigar stand and pose as the only cigar dealer who was ever given the freedom of the city. Why not a confectionery store with Doc. Cook gumdrops on sale?

That Chicago man who wants to abolish the senate might go a step further and move the abolition of the house, too. He would find many supporters and his efforts would accomplish just as much.

Colquhoun does not appear to have the clearest sailing in the world ahead of him in the gubernatorial chair, regardless of his "political peace and rest" platform. Those pros. just won't let anybody rest who is not a pro.

Irrigation Outlook Is Poor

WITH a dry season behind them, New Mexico and Arizona are facing a serious irrigation proposition in the new year. Reports from the headwaters of the streams in both territories are that the snow is more than 50 percent less than a year ago and even last year the irrigation water ran low before the end of the season. This year the condition is much worse, owing to the very mild winter that has been experienced to date, and, unless there is relief before spring sets in, the farmers who depend upon the natural flow of the streams in the two territories, are going to suffer from drought during 1911.

Last year was one of the driest experienced in either of the territories in many years and, this to be followed by a dry winter with no snowfall on the watershed for the summer irrigation, will work a considerable hardship on many people. There is still time for relief, but at present the outlook is very gloomy.

El Paso has an ample supply of good sites for a modern hotel.

A gambler is not generally a doctor or a minister, but he will do you good every time he has a chance.

El Paso has no state institution of any kind and is the fifth largest city in the state. She is entitled to that court of appeals and also ought to have a school of mines.

The big Anson Mills building is casting a chilling shadow over the plaza these winter afternoons, but wait until summer and see these same shade seats at a premium.

Georgia has two just claims to fame and both of the same name. One is Ty Cobb, of the Detroit Americans, and the other is Zack Cobb, of El Paso. Georgia is fully aware of Ty.

Well, today settles it. New Mexico will either become a state with a constitution a credit to it, or will continue as a territory because the demagogues were able to defeat it. The demagogues will hardly win, however.

Now some of the mudslingers and muckrakers would have it appear that "Uncle Joe" has been buying votes. Far be it from "Uncle Joe" to buy anything he can get for nothing, and your uncle has never had much trouble getting all the votes he wanted merely for the asking. "Uncle Joe" may be a czar and all that when he gets to Washington, but back home he has a powerful lot of friends.

UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

I'M sitting in my easy chair before the fireside's cheerful glare. All modern comforts are at hand; electric lights and music canned; the triumphs that great men have wrought are gathered in my cozy cot. The neighbor children gather round, to hear me drivel and expound about the good old times gone by, which I applaud—I wonder why? I wonder why old men are prone to view the present with a groan and talk of vanished years as though they were the smoothest goods in show? The children listen while I tell of times when everything was well, when girls were angels, minus crowns and men were saints in hand-me-downs, and life was one long round of joy, without a sorrow to annoy. And in my heart I'm conscious that I'm simply talking through my hat. I hate like thunder to be swung back to the times when I was young! I hate to read by smoky lights, and sleep on ticks of straw at night, and go to bed by 6 o'clock, because no candles are in stock, and go out doors to get a drink, and find the cistern on the blink. We lived like horses in those days, and yet, much to my amaze, I brag and brag, in prose and rhyme, about the good old vanished times!

EVENINGS AT HOME

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Success Talks To Men and Boys

By Dr. Madison C. Peters

THE LIAR IN BUSINESS

SOME men are born liars. It is a sort of mental crook with them, but with most people it is a cultivated sin. Such is the value put upon the truth that even the liar feels that to stand before the world a convicted liar is about the foulest disgrace that could fall upon him.

The best evidence of the value of truthfulness is the fact that even liars desire to be reputed truthful. Of all insults to have the lie direct given to any statement you make, is considered about the most unbearable and in most cases it means a fight. And yet, with all this love of reputation for truthfulness, it is a fact that there is very much lying in business.

Some Think Lies Help. Men believe that lies can make them rich; that lies will enable them to get on in the world; that lies can injure their successful rivals; that lies can get them out of difficulties. There are people with whom most of us come in contact, day by day, who believe with the boy who got his scripture mixed, quoting it: "A lie is a very present help in time of need." Men see that lies are doing these things for men, and they think that for this world at least, honesty is not the best policy, and hence, all men are more or less tempted to dishonesty more, to speak and act truthfully.

I say act untruthfully, for acting a falsehood is one of the meanest forms of deceit. Pretending, by a smile, a gesture, a glance, a suggestion, or shrug of the shoulder, that you know something against another is a cruel way of acting an untruth. Falsehood often thrives. If falsehood always defeated itself, there would be no temptation to lie, but the fact is that falsehood often pays better than truth, gets rich where truth starves, and lives in splendor, while truth does not make a living at all.

There are merchants who excuse their lying on the ground of what they call commercial custom. Custom may give laws to dress, but custom, however ancient and however widely recognized, can never make wrong right, can never justify or extenuate a lie. There are many establishments in this country

and wished to know if I had any nomination to make for the post. My anger had cooled down now, and prompted by curiosity, I sent my maid down to the library for "Burke's Peerage," turned to "Whiteleaf, Viscount," it was cross-referenced to "Bassington," I turned back to "Bassington," and read the first 20 lines of what past Bassingtons had done, when my eyes caught sight of their country seat. What a colorful world there, large as life, was Richmond Towers. I read the date of Whiteleaf's birth. I reckoned up his age—it was 20.

As I put "Burke" down a brilliant and exciting idea struck me. Why shouldn't I go to Richmond Towers to fill the place of the discharged maid? Then I should see what kind of a man Whiteleaf really was. That night I wrote the Superior Servant Girls' society, and asked them to have Mary Masters, alias yours truly, Annabel Mary, for the post at the Towers.

Oh! It was really too tiresome. From the little smoking room in which I sat I could hear the swish of silk skirts, the clank of spurs, and the delicious strains of a haunting waltz coming from the great hall. The dance was in honor of Bo-I mean viscount Whiteleaf, who was 21 today. And what a day it had been—dresses, presentations by tenants, a degustation from the kitchen—I remembered now how he had looked at me.

For a week now I had been here, and I might as well confess it now—the man I had come to study was every inch a man, there were none of those foggy ways one is apt to see in our circle about Lord Bassington's son. He was tall, broad, with a fine Grecian nose, and his eyes—they made me tremble every time I saw them. I was so deep in meditation that I had not noticed the footman in evening dress that, unconscious of my presence, entered the room, and had subsided with a tired sigh into a big chair. I looked round, and as I turned the figure in the chair turned—my eyes met those of the young heir.

"You!" he said tensely. "I was listening to the waltzing," I replied, dropping the deferential manner that I had hitherto feigned, and gazing at him with my face all roared.

"It is better than being in the thick of it," he said. "I am sick of the whole thing." "Why?" I prompted. He rose and faced me, and I fancied I saw a light in his face that I had never seen before in any man's face. "If you were in the marriage market for sale you would get bored. Father wants me to marry old Langton's daughter."

My face was aflame, but he never saw it. "Well!" I prompted. "The old loser is here tonight." He got no farther. The sudden shock of the news so stunned me that I staggered and had fallen had he not rushed to me and held me in his arms. And then I realized a sensation of restlessness that I had never before experienced.

"Mary," he whispered tensely. "I don't want to marry the man I love," I cried. "What is this jangling to me?" Then I haughtily left the room, and in the seclusion of my own boudoir went my heart out. That night the letter came which sealed my destiny. It was from the Superior Servant Girls' society—a society in which, with other prominent suffragettes, I am interested; and the society informed me that a vacancy for a lady's maid had occurred at Richmond Towers, in Buckinghamshire.

Infantile Paralysis Is Plague Of Children and Terror To Mothers

Has Claimed 100,000 Little Victims in This Country.

By Frederic J. Haskin

THE latest, but by no means the least danger to menace health is the comparatively modern infantile paralysis, which, since the opening of the present century has been almost wide in its scope and manifestations. It has occurred with especial virulence in the United States. For several decades the disease has raged in Scandinavian countries, whence undoubtedly it was transmitted to our shores by means of immigration. In 1841 there was an epidemic of infantile paralysis in New Orleans; thence onward the few cases were merely sporadic and not particularly noticeable. But 1905 witnessed a deadly outbreak in Sweden, Australia was visited in 1903 and 1908, and Germany in 1909.

Many Thousands of Cases. In the United States since 1907 there have been many thousands of cases. New York City alone had 2500 cases in 1907. Pennsylvania reported 65 cases in 45 counties in 1910, and in the region around Springfield, Massachusetts, in May and June of 1910 there were 100 cases, and 100 deaths. Hartford, Boston, Seattle, Des Moines, Washington, D. C., and the Scandinavian settled parts of Minnesota, reported serious epidemics with an alarming proportion of deaths. The disease seems to be the warmer months of the year, "drop-foot" and generally disappears with the advent of cold weather. The focus of infection seems to have been, in 1907, along the east seaboard and in such receiving ports for Scandinavian immigration as New York and Boston.

Is Generally Acute. As the name implies, infantile paralysis attacks children and adolescents, resulting in its deadly results those twin evils of childhood—diphtheria and scarlet fever. Expressed in popular terms the disease is characterized by an acute inflammation of the spinal cord, bringing about partial or total paralysis of certain muscles and nerves which shrivel, dry up and atrophy, followed by death. If checked in time recovery of the affected centers will usually ensue, although the little patients may suffer from stunted growth, retarded muscular development, curvature of the spine, "drop-foot," and generally impaired bodily nutrition. Eight to 15 percent of those attacked die, and 75 percent of those who survive are more or less crippled for life. The disease is generally fatal, attacking infants and children from one to five years of age, although several cases among youths and maidens between 16 and 24 have been known. Deaths from infantile paralysis as late as the ages of 60 and 80 have been recorded. In 1910 there were four cases of infantile paralysis among students at Princeton university which aroused much attention.

The symptoms of incubation, especially among little ones who cannot describe their sufferings, are marked peevishness, restlessness and irritability—or the direct reverse, an almost stolid and stony apathy. When the attack begins the child sweats, pain in the back and limbs, neckache and headache. The child will not be able to sit up nor hold up its head. In many cases there are digestive disturbances. Very shortly there supervenes paralysis—perhaps with delirium, especially in the leg muscles. A definite group of muscles may be involved or

ing coldly at me, and then to my father. "He would have sacrificed everything, even his inheritance, to me, and I love him more than anything in the world." "Forgive me, child," said lady Bassington, as she came forward and kissed me. "I was hasty, but your sad prank deceived me." Lord Bassington also pleaded for my forgiveness; and then, after mutual consultations, and with many covert glances, Bobby's and my people returned to the ballroom to announce the engagement, leaving me alone with him.

He kissed me. "I must prove your love," he murmured, as he slipped a tender word upon my finger and kissed me. And, although I know I am unworthy of him, I am going to prove to-morrow how much I love him, for it is our wedding day.

Life Is Easier for Men. Of course, if parents were absolutely altruistic, they might well wish the baby to be a boy for its own sake, because life is so much easier on men than it is on women. And, generally speaking, a boy has a better chance of being healthy and happy than a girl has.

But so far as the parents themselves are concerned, the one best bet is that the daughter will be a comfort, and the son an anxiety. Of course there are many good sons, but almost every girl is a good daughter. It is the daughters who remember their parents, and the sons who forget. A boy leaves home to seek his fortune. He parents, marries, becomes absorbed in his own affairs so that he gets too busy to write back home or even to go to see the old folks he has left behind him, but a daughter's heart goes back from the ends of the earth to her father and mother. She may be overburdened with work and care, but she makes time

Abe Martin

By Frederic J. Haskin



I wonder who gets all the big lumps of coal. Life Bud speaks two languages—English and an' baseball.

down as spinal meningitis, it is impossible to tell. Certainly the number is very large. The cause is now recognized as a specific germ or microbe, communicated by another child already suffering. This microbe lodges in and attacks the gray matter of the spinal cord; the resulting inflammation destroys the delicate nerve cells which are the avenues between the brain and the muscles controlling the arms, legs, neck, etc. The result, as can readily be seen, is complete or partial paralysis, now of this organ, now of that.

German Can Be Scattered. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the germ or microbe of infantile paralysis may be communicated from a sick child to a well one as easily as diphtheria bacillus and too often in precisely the same manner, through the moist mucous membranes of the nose and mouth. Thence the germ works its way into the blood and finally to the

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14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald Of This Date 1897

Presiding elder Corbin is in Marfa on business.

Things are reported booming at the Selden dam.

Contractor Harris and L. Gaal came up from Yaleta this morning.

Conductor McHugh brought the train down from Albuquerque this noon.

Al Howard has gone to Big Springs. Adam Dieter has returned to Tulsa.

Adolph Blumenthal left today for St. Louis, where he will engage in business.

Miss Emma Juttan of North Oregon street is convalescing and is able to be out.

W. C. Reid has been made chief clerk of the house of representatives of the New Mexico legislature.

C. Aranda was appointed administrator of the estate of George Weller. Bond of \$200 was furnished.

J. C. Ross, the undertaker, has opened up rooms at 401 South El Paso street below the opera house.

The Cycle Track association was unable to transact any business at the meeting owing to poor attendance.

The bids for the Hammett block were opened today and of the dozen bidders J. L. Whitmore was the lowest.

Mal. McGlennan returned this morning from Canton, Ohio, where he had been with the Texas delegation to ask president-elect McKinley for a cabinet portfolio for Dr. John Grant of this state.

The El Paso Building and Real Estate company met yesterday at the office of A. P. Coles and elected J. J. O'Fallon president; C. R. Morehead, vice president; A. P. Coles, secretary and treasurer; J. C. Van Blascow and E. F. J. McCarthy were added to the officers from the directorate. It was decided to ask the city council to change the name of Myrtle street to Myrtle avenue.

somehow to show her love and loyalty to her parents.

Girls Hear Family Appeal. Also, just as a mere financial asset the girl baby in her cradle is worth more than the boy baby.

The boy will probably grow up to earn money, and the girl, but the girl will make the bigger difference with her parents. In poor families now, when the girl goes to work just as soon as her brother, and it is noticeable that while the boy gives his mother, if he is a good lad, part of what he earns, the girl turns over her whole pay envelope to her mother.

It is Mamie and not John, who buys the new curtains, and the rug, and the bits of furniture to make the home comfortable. The main reason why working women do not save more money and get ahead faster is because they do not shut their ears, as men do, to the family bank money when mother needs a new dress so badly, and father's coat is so shabby.

If you do not believe that the girl baby is the staff on which her parents may safely count on leaning in their old age, just look around you. Is it not the daughter, and not the son, with whom the old father or mother goes to live? Is not practically every man who is supporting an old woman or man, supporting his wife's father or mother and not his own?

As for reflecting glory on her parents the girl is quite as likely to do that as the son.

Indeed, one might almost say that the daughter has twice the opportunity of achieving distinction that the son has, for she has not only the chance of being remarkable herself. Let it not be forgotten that it is not the sons of the newly rich Americans who have opened for their fathers and mothers the gilded doors of aristocratic European society. That service has been every man or woman, rendered exclusively by their daughters.

For these and other reasons, the girl baby is the preferred risk among babies, and any man who doesn't appreciate this, and give a little daughter as hearty a welcome as he would a son, doesn't deserve to have a baby. That's all.

Dorothy Dix On The Unwelcome Girl Baby.

A POOR little young, nerve-racked prospective mother writes me a piteous letter in which she implores me to say a word in defence of the baby who is the cause of her troubles, and to bring these undesired citizens into the world.

"My husband and his family have begged me almost out of my life on this matter," she writes, "as if nature, and not I, did not decide the child's sex, but I honestly believe that if my baby is a girl my husband and my in-laws will be so angry that they will be glad if we both die. Personally I should prefer my baby to be a girl, because I have observed that girls are generally more comfortable to their parents than boys are."

Among poorer people, sons who could till the soil and bring in money were desirable, and daughters who must be supported were burdens, and so the tradition grew up that a boy was more valuable to the parents than a girl. It is a tradition that even the law accepts, for if a boy is killed by an automobile, the parents can recover damages that if a girl had been killed.

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